

## [Interview with Nurse]

FOLKLORE

\*\*\*\*

NEW YORK

[??] Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Clarence Weinstock

ADDRESS 43 Morton Street

DATE June 27, 1939

SUBJECT Interview with Nurse

1. Date and time of interview
2. Place of interview Hospital Workers Union
3. Name and address of informant
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

Joseph Vogel

## Library of Congress

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK

FORM C

TEXT OF INTERVIEW (UNEDITED)

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Clarence Weinstock

ADDRESS 43 Morton Street

DATE June 27, 1939

SUBJECT Interview with Nurse FOR AFTER

I had a private case once, a Scotchman who was dying of cancer. Every day his wife would come to visit him at the hospital with a new piece of mourning apparel, one day black gloves, another day a black hat, or a veil and so forth. There she would stand smiling at him and preening and turning herself around in front of the mirror, and ask him, "Look here, John, and how does this look for after?"

And John would lie in bed and toss up and down and say quietly and bitterly, "You might at least wait until I was dead before spending all that money on funeral things."

"But ain't it becoming now, John?" And she'd pat her hair and keep smiling at him.

This went on for a month and then they told him they could do nothing for him at the hospital and that he might as well be at home where it would cost him less to die, because

## Library of Congress

he was complaining about the expense all the time. So I nursed him at home. The same thing went on there. Every day she came in with some other damned black thing or other and asked him, "And how does this look for after?" So one night he got out of bed and went into his garage, took the car out and drove down the [?] road until he saw a brick wall and then he drove the car straight into the wall. 2 IN THE MAILBAG

Dear Sir of Madam,

There was a nurse calling on my husband last week doing what she could for him and she left a thermometer needle which I gave her 50¢.

Now my husband died last Friday evening. The needle is no use to me but the 50¢ is. So would you please have some call and get this. Thank you.

\*\*\*\*\* SANTA CLAUS

When I first began nursing I didn't know much about Jewish people, particularly the orthodox ones. There was an old Jewish man on my ward suffering from carbuncles, which are very serious when you aren't so young. [?] He had a long beautiful white beard. So I went over to his bed thinking I would make him feel a little better. "Oh, Mr. Cohen," I said, "you look so beautiful with your beautiful white beard. Just like Santa Claus."

"Santa Claus? Pheh!"

And he spit right on the floor in front of me. Then he went up to be operated. A few hours afterward he had already got himself a rocking chair and he was swaying back and forth in front of an open window. "Mr. Cohen," I said, "please go back into bed. It's very bad for you to sit up like that." He just kept on rocking and without looking at me he said under his breath, "Go away, shiksa, an old Jew can take care of himself." He was a stubborn man all right.

# Library of Congress

\*\*\*\*\*